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The Shape of Things

THE FOREIGN-AID AUTHORIZATION BILL has been approved by both the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the House Foreign Affairs Committee, but not without some unfortunate amendments. By far the most serious change is in the House version of the measure, which as it now stands proposes to cut ECA cash funds by $1,000,000,000, substituting an authorization to ship to Europe surplus farm products of the same value from the stocks now held by the government. Representative Vorys, the author of this proposal, claims that it would both reduce the budget deficit and ease the farm-surplus problem. No very profound knowledge of economics is required to show that it will achieve neither of these objectives. For by cutting down open-market purchases of farm products by Marshall Aid countries, it would force the Commodity Credit Corporation, which is bound by law to support prices, to add to its holdings by roughly the same amount. Hence the money "saved" by the ECA would be spent by the CCC and the total budget deficit would be unaltered. Moreover, as Paul Hoffman has insisted, procurement would be put in a "straitjacket" while recipient countries would be forced to accept, not the commodities they may need the most, but those that the CCC had available. However, since all four major farm organizations have joined in protesting this plan as a dangerous method of "dumping," and since the Senate committee has refused to indorse it, there is good reason to hope that Mr. Vorys's amendment will disappear before the bill reaches the President's desk.

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TWO ADDITIONS OF THE SENATE GROUP TO the bill are, perhaps, more silly than serious. They owe their existence to an intra-committee fight between Senator Connally of Texas, who is fearful of British attempts to substitute "sterling oil" for "dollar oil," and Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, whose constituents would rather see foreign nations balancing their international accounts by reducing dollar purchases than by increasing their American sales of such competitive goods as textiles and shoes. The upshot was that these two points of view just about cancelled each other out. Senator Connally was induced to withdraw his original amendment, which would have made sanctions against Britain mandatory if it continued to "discriminate" against American oil companies. Instead, the committee agreed to include in the preamble of the bill a statement declaring that nations receiving aid from the United States should place no discriminatory tax, quota, or other restriction on American firms wishing to do business in their territories. Having thus consoled the gentleman from Texas, the committee proceeded to pacify the gentleman from Massachusetts by accepting with equal unanimity an amendment calling on E. R. P. nations to reduce dollar purchases "to the greatest extent possible consistent with maintaining an adequate supply of essentials for the functioning of their economies": in other words, telling them not to waste dollars on oil if it can be bought for soft currencies. As the Washington correspondent of the London *Times* observed: "The schizophrenia in American policy which has been the despair of British officials for the past few months is now on its way to becoming legalized."

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SEVENTEEN MONTHS AGO DOROTHY BAILEY was a respected employee of the United States government. Today she is out of the service, struggling under the handicap of a loyalty board's arbitrary verdict that she is "disloyal." The board gave Miss Bailey a hearing and allowed her to present affidavits and witnesses testifying to her good character and the improbability that she was in any way tainted with subversion. It decided against her, nevertheless, on the basis of general information supplied by anonymous accusers through the FBI. Since no concrete evidence was introduced against her, she obviously could offer no counter-evidence. Believing herself denied due process, she took to the courts, and last week the Court of Appeals by a two-to-one vote upheld the constitutionality of the loyalty procedure. Judges Prettyman and Proctor agreed in their opinion that she had enjoyed nothing resembling a trial, but, they ruled, she was not entitled to one. A government job is not a constitutional right; "the power of removal is an incident of the power of appointment," and Miss Bailey's removal was an "administrative procedure"

Next Week in *The Nation*

Beside the Point

A new humorous column by
MARGARET MARSHALL and ROBERT BENDINER.

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properly within the province of the executive. Narrowly speaking, this may be so, but the "privilege" theory of government employment is fast becoming an outmoded doctrine, and there are many analogies tending to discredit it. As Judge Edgerton pointed out in an eloquent dissent, moreover, evidence is required in other administrative hearings, particularly deportation cases, "where, as here, the substantive matter at stake may be considered a privilege rather than a right." The Supreme Court has ruled that "meticulous care must be exercised lest the procedure by which [one] is deprived of [the privilege of staying here] not meet the essential standards of fairness." Certainly the consequences of permanent unemployment and social obloquy, the probable fate of anyone branded "disloyal," may be as punitive as deportation. The hope is that the Supreme Court will recall its own finding in the Lovett case that dismissal for supposed disloyalty is equivalent to punishment for crime and cannot be imposed without judicial trial.

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WE ARE USED TO WILD STATEMENTS FROM politicians, and truth is always at a discount in election years, but Republican leaders Wherry and Gabrielson go way beyond what the traffic will bear. Wherry last week described Secretary of State Acheson as "the idol of left-wing, appease-Russia agitators" and explained that President Truman would not discharge him for fear of losing the support of these Russophiles. It is believed, however, that the Senator from Nebraska can read, in which case he must know that the Russians and their champions have for Mr. Acheson approximately the feeling that a fundamentalist preacher has for Beelzebub. The Soviet *Literary Gazette* refers to the Secretary as a "truly incorrigible liar . . . who has exhausted his meager mental reserves," and the *Daily Worker* suggests that by opposing Russian ambitions he is risking American lives to support "Wall Street's drive for control of Indo-China." Mr. Gabrielson, the G. O. P.'s national chairman, goes even farther afield to make himself ridiculous. Running out of Communists in the government, he is prepared now to go after Socialists and Americans for Democratic Action. Socialists, he says, "have no more place" in government than Communists, since they follow the lead of London the way the Communists take orders from Moscow. No evidence, no argument, no shred of truth—just the Goebbels device of the "big lie." To Gabrielson, A.D.A. members like Senators Humphey and Myers are only "so-called Democrats." Good Democrats presumably are the Dixiecrats with whom the Republican chief is working to promote "a trial marriage at the top." Should the nuptials take place, the happy pair might then eliminate all other Democrats as subversive and happily preside over a one-party state.

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ONE DAY LAST MONTH, JOSE GALLOSTRA was murdered on a crowded street in Mexico City. The incident caused plenty of excitement, for Señor Gallostra was a Spanish diplomat sojourning in Mexico as "extra-official representative" of the Spanish dictator, whose regime is not recognized by the Mexican government, and the assassin was said to be a Spanish Anarchist. Mexico was outraged, and it looked as if the Franco agent's death might do more than his efforts while alive to swing Mexico toward Madrid. But then something else happened. Certain documents were found among the dead man's effects, written in his own hand and addressed to the Spanish Foreign Office. In one, which was published, Franco's roving diplomat expressed with total frankness his contempt for the Mexican government and people and told of contacts with Mexican officers hostile to President Alemán. The documents also disclosed much about Franco activities in other parts of America, including Gallostra's own maneuvers while Minister to Bolivia and those of José Felix de Lequerica in Washington. Even the diplomat's death was put in a rather different light by the discovery of checkbooks showing that the supposed Spanish Republican who murdered him had been on Gallostra's own payroll. Meanwhile, Gallostra's body had been removed to Spain in a special chartered plane sent over by General Franco. But in Mexico the agitation in favor of Franco has come to an abrupt halt.

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IT IS WITH PLEASURE THAT WE WELCOME TO our staff Willard Shelton, who will cover Washington news. Mr. Shelton has been chief of the Washington bureau of the New York *Star* and a contributing editor of the *New Republic*. We also take pleasure in welcoming back Joseph Wood Krutch, whose illness had prevented him from reviewing plays for several months.

Harold Laski

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

TO WRITE adequately about Harold Laski would take long pondering, with his life and his death together in one's mind, and sorrow a little in the background. Certainly, for one who knew him as friend and collaborator and also as a leading character in the turbulent political drama that has unfolded during his life, to write now is not the act of homage one would like to perform. It is only the necessary acknowledgement of loss; a prelude to more thoughtful comment later which can take proper account of a character with so many facets—contradictory, challenging, enigmatic, but all reflecting a surprising inner consistency.

Harold Laski was really a wonderful sort of fellow! His brillance could be exhausting but it was never intimidating, and this was because, under the shining facets, he was kind and essentially modest. His brilliance could also lead him into adventures of the imagination which sometimes seemed bizarre to the sober scholar or statesman. (It was this quality, perhaps, that caused a Foreign Office man once to say to me, with evident disapproval: "Of course, Laski is not truly English." At the time, I suspected anti-Semitism, but now I am inclined to think that imagination itself may have been the slightly disreputable "alien.") But these flights were never merely erratic. They were based in a solid scholarship which itself rested on a social and political attitude as unchanging as the earth of England.

It was this combination that gave Laski his unique influence, especially among students and young intellectuals, not only in his own school, or his own country, but throughout the English-reading world. He aroused and provoked and challenged, he created doubt and tipped over idols, he scintillated and expounded, and sometimes he became irritatingly pontifical; but all of this would have had little lasting effect if his genuine erudition had not provided substance and his Socialist philosophy contributed emotional warmth and a defined goal. People who only heard Laski speak or met him casually were apt to be amused by his showmanship or put off by his air of near-omniscience, but if they went away with these as their chief impressions they were badly fooled about his true character. Indeed, they missed the central thing about him: a capacity for devotion and hope which would have been labeled religious had he applied it to other ends. Missing this, they inevitably failed to understand why so many people—and not only the young—kept turning to Harold Laski for a kind of moral backing and reassurance as well as for ideas and political analysis.

Laski's role in the British Labor Party and in the Socialist movement as a whole deserves special consideration by a writer better equipped than I. It was important, yet not nearly so important as his immense ability seemed to warrant. Somehow, he was a figure that remained apart; and this was another of the anomalous things about him, for he was both gregarious and intensely involved in party and other public activities. It was not that his genuine superiority got in the way of popular acceptance; no Labor speaker was more in demand at union rallies or, during the war, in army camps and among war workers, and none gave his time and strength more lavishly. Also, he understood and practiced the art of accommodating ideas to political reality; in fact, he obviously enjoyed politics as a game of maneuver, even though he hated, and easily fell victim to, dirty methods of in-fighting. His colleagues admired and liked him, except for a few to whom he applied his well-developed talent for subtle invec-

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tive. But he still seemed half a stranger, even by his own campfire. And this, I think, was partly because he was both too sharp and too learned for easy, intimate, political comradeship and partly because he was too independent to gear comfortably into any machine.

At the same time, his influence in the party, and in British politics as a whole, was very pervasive. Not only did he write, lecture, campaign, debate, teach, confer, serve on administrative boards (he was chairman of the Labor Party executive committee in 1945 and 1946); he was also the party's Socialist conscience, though of course not its only one. Always aware of its long-range job, Laski kept shoving forward the philosophy that lay behind the electoral fight, behind the Parliamentary maneuver or the intra-party struggle for power. Sometimes he accepted poor expedients, but he never confused them with the real purpose. And he went back to that purpose, no matter how many turns he took on the way.

It was this consistency, together with his truly monumental knowledge of European and world affairs, that made Laski the British Socialist leader who kept closest to the movement outside England. He knew everyone, and everyone regarded him as a person somehow unbound by the usual restrictions of party and national interest, a man fully accessible and able to identify himself with his kind in every country. Yet it is an odd fact that his greatest influence, outside his own country, was in the United States, where the Socialist movement is least consequential and the left most sadly fragmented. He knew and loved America, explained and chastised it; and so little doctrinaire was he that he followed with sympathy the pattern of social controls that grew out of the daring improvisations of Roosevelt, watching hopefully for evidence of a decisive shift of power.

Every challenge to the old order roused his interest and set going his fertile processes of analysis and construction. It was characteristic of Harold Laski that he flew to New York on the invitation of the Nation Associates to speak at our dinner forum on atomic power at the end of 1945. Even then, he sensed the direction events and policies were taking and called for a "planned internationalism" to meet the challenge of nuclear fission. His articles in *The Nation* since that time have developed the the belief that the peace can be saved only if the United States, saddled with huge and unaccustomed responsibilities, understands in time the need of cooperating with the revolutionary impulses loosed by the war instead of trying futilely to stifle them. He never ceased to believe that this country might take leadership in the present crisis. At the end of his series on America, Good and Bad, published in *The Nation* last summer, he put this hope into words that ought to be remembered today:

> America alone can seek openly for peace without the risk that its prestige will be called into question. Much that is ugly in its life would be swept aside by the very fact that it moved with swift resolution to the urgent work of liberating our civilization from the fears that oppress it. There might be fear in Paris, doubt in Moscow, petty cavil in London. These would not matter if the decision was taken with boldness and with speed. A nation can occupy no higher place than one where its policies are greeted, as such an American initiative would be greeted, "by the unanimous thanks of mankind." The moment is a perilous one; that only makes the opportunity more splendid.

There will be a delay of one day in the delivery of copies to out-of-town subscribers for the next three weeks, owing to unavoidable printing-press overhauls.

Colonial Washington

BY ROBERT BENDINER

NOW that the Filipinos have their independence, that the Puerto Ricans are practically self-governing, and that statehood is in the offing for Alaska and Hawaii, at least some of the rights of free-born Americans may be conferred on the hapless citizens of Washington. In this unofficial capital of the democratic world live more people than are to be found in any of fourteen states of the Union and more than in three of them put together. These people pay nearly $100,000,000 a year in local taxes and the same federal income and excise taxes as the rest of the country. Yet for seventy-five years they have been governed like a British crown colony of the eighteenth century. They have no representation in Congress, no vote, and no local government responsible to themselves.

The Kefauver home-rule bill, unanimously passed by the Senate last May, would give the colonists at least the rudiments of self-government, but it will have to be blasted out of the House Committee on the District of Columbia, whose Southern members would like it to die a quiet and unobtrusive death. Thanks to Representative John F. Kennedy (D., Mass.) and to some fifty-eight civic, labor, church, veteran, cooperative, and political groups, the bill may escape this fate. Kennedy is circulating a discharge petition which at latest count has 174 of the 218 signatures needed to force it to the floor. The forty-four still to come will be the hardest to get, and only publicity and disinterested pressure from home districts are likely to get action. This is true even though both parties are committed to home-rule planks in their respective platforms, the President urgently called for passage of the bill in a special message last July, and Republican leaders in Congress give at least lip-service to the cause. There is good reason to believe that if Minority Leader Joe Martin and his whips mean business, the Southern opposition can be overcome without

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undue strain, but the depth of their passion on the subject is at least questionable.

The home-rule bill would give Washington a City Council of eleven members, nine to be regularly elected on a non-partisan basis, and two appointed by the President—reasonable enough in view of the heavy stake, financial and otherwise, which the federal government has in the capital. Citizens would also be given the privilege of choosing their own school board. The council would be authorized to name a city manager and to adopt local ordinances, but these could be vetoed by the President or by Congress, and the national legislature would have the right to amend or annul the charter at any time.

Certainly this is a gingerly approach, and the casual observer would be hard put to it to conceive of any objection. It steers around the whole problem of representation in Congress and of voting in national elections, which many believe would require Constitutional amendment. It provides ample precautions against encroachment on federal responsibility, and at the same time it would free the national legislature from the ridiculous burden of having to name streets, provide for weed extermination, regulate barber shops, and worry about the police band. And yet there is antagonism, in Congress and out, and it is of proportions formidable enough to have blocked home rule since the city last governed itself in 1874.

What bothers most Congressional opponents of the Kefauver bill is that home rule would necessarily extend the vote to Washington's qualified Negro citizens. It is noteworthy that the four ranking majority members of the District Committee are Representatives McMillan of South Carolina, Harris of Arkansas, Abernethy of Mississippi, and Smith of Virginia. The feeling is that a Southerner makes himself vulnerable in a primary back home if his opponent can show that he voted to give racially unrestricted suffrage to a city in which the Negro population is roughly 30 per cent of the total. Beyond this consideration, it is hardly too cynical to suggest that Washington's 13,000 municipal jobs provide a stream of patronage which home rule would divert from its present Congressional channels.

In unofficial plebiscites Washingtonians have repeatedly voted for self-government, by 8 to 1 in 1938, 7 to 3 in 1946, and 7 to 3 in 1948. Some of the minority no doubt represents those who would rather forego the vote themselves than share the right with Negroes, but leaders in the fight for home rule do not regard the racial factor as primary. The opposition is in fact spearheaded by the Board of Trade, the big utilities, and the real-estate people. Ostensibly their argument is that home rule should wait on Congressional representation, which they know there is hardly a chance of getting, and that the city-manager form of government is unworkable. Home-rule advocates believe that what really motivates their powerful opponents is the fact that they are used to operating through the present system and find it satisfactory to their purposes. A city manager responsible to the council and a council responsible to the voters would open the way to all sorts of uncomfortable changes, which they see no reason to invite. They will have their way—and Washington will continue to have its slums, snarled traffic, and overcrowded schools—if a handful of men on the House District Committee can keep the Kefauver bill stowed away until the end of the session. Only forty-four more signatures to the Kennedy petition stand between Washingtonians and first-class citizenship.

Is France "Normal"?

Paris, March 20

OUR correspondent writes: Last week Francois Mauriac made the reassuring discovery that although the strikes were continuing, life in Paris was perfectly normal and the working class was showing no revolutionary fervor. His conclusion, in effect, was "Thank God for Stalin!" What he meant was that so long as the Communists represented "the interests of a foreign power," their rank-and-file followers would be nothing but half-hearted, and the bourgeoisie could sleep peacefully. The middle class would have to start worrying only if a French brand of Titoism were to emerge.

There is an element of truth in this, no doubt, but it is not the whole truth. The strikes in France today, though very widespread, are strangely sporadic except among the Paris metal workers. Coordinated action between the three principal trade-union federations is anything but perfect. The extensive use of *Garde Republicaine Securité* troops, the questionable practice of commandeering workers in the public services, and the other strike-breaking tactics—all these have had a demoralizing effect on many strikers. Here and there, the strikers have won, especially those in small and medium-sized engineering firms, which have met the workers at least half-way. But the tycoons of the *grand patronat* have refused even to discuss the Catholic trade unions' suggested compromise of a 12 per cent rise for the Paris metallurgical industry.

Having at first encouraged big business to be tough, the Bidault government changed its tune in the past week. M. Pleven, the War Minister, and M. Teitgen, the Minister of Information, have been talking in terms of "social justice," while *Le Monde* and even *Figaro* have been echoing the conciliatory remarks of high church dignitaries. It remains to be seen whether the government's change of heart will persuade the corporations to cut some of their huge profits. The example given

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by the government, which has offered a rise of only 4.9 per cent to some of its striking civil servants, is not very encouraging. The government firmly sticks to its "no inflation" slogan, says as little as possible about the industrialists' high profits, and refuses to consider the argument that with plenty of goods in the shops, many of which have had to hold clearance sales, an increase in wages will not necessarily send up the cost of living. The right-wing press, while partly agreeing with this, insists that even a slight rise in costs might be fatal to the export market. Again, profits are not mentioned.

It seems, therefore, that the raw deal given to the French working class will go on, and that the bourgeoisie will continue to be reassured by the "absence of a revolutionary temper." Is this due to the confusion existing among the trade unions? Or is it due to a widespread inertia—a hangover from the Occupation—to earlier strike failures, or to a genuine fear of victimization?

The other day a director of one of the Paris automobile works said to me: "We are not worrying about strikes. The chaps would sooner have a badly paid job than no job at all. We have quite a number of Gaullist strike-breakers who can stand up to any hot heads. In '47 I was kicked out of my office. They wouldn't dare do anything like that today." And then he added nostalgically: "During the Occupation we never had any labor unrest. And look at Spain! Never any trouble there!"

These are the words of a "Vichy-Gaullist," an interesting new French type, and I would not do the Bidault government the injustice of attributing to it such thoughts. Even so, there is still no evidence that the present "social" policy of Messrs. Teitgen and Pleven will, in reality, produce a reasonably contented working class. The *grand patronat* wants a victory.

To what extent is big business tied up with De Gaulle? The General is today clearly beginning to court the conservative, Vichyite elements of the bourgeoisie. He has suddenly demanded the liberation of Pétain, just as one of his henchmen recently demanded that of Charles Maurras. Are not these, as *Franc-Tireur* puts it, the first steps toward the alliance between the two brands of French fascism? The organic union with Western Germany advocated by De Gaulle (and which Leopold would doubtless join) also has a clear Vichy ring.

More openly than ever before the Gaullists have been advocating an overthrow of the present regime. Gaston Palewski, De Gaulle's right-hand man, declared that his group was no longer interested in "all the bleating about national union" on the present parliamentary basis. Parliament, he said, must be dissolved, new institutions set up, and a "stable, homogeneous, and determined government" formed under De Gaulle. An "anti-Communist National Union," stretching from the extreme right to the Socialists, inclusive, advocated by the "respectable" *Aurore* and with many supporters among the present government, has been rejected by De Gaulle. The Gaullists hope, instead, that the "classical right" will join with them in the next election (or *coup d'état*), that all the good old collaborators will become Gaullists, and that the Third Force parties will then be forced to accept Gaullism. A peculiarity of Gaullist policy today (singularly reminiscent of the Action Française and Croix de Feu policies before the war) is to dwell on the "rottenness" of the parliamentary system, fully exploiting the Revers-Van Co affair and, characteristically, trying to drag into it President Auriol's son Paul. It does not bother the Gaullists that a lot of filth is being washed up by the inquiry—filth which is far more damaging to the various shady characters, many of them Gaullist, in the French police than to parliamentary government as such.

But if "something" is being organized on the right, the left is in a state of confusion. Although the Communists love to talk about the glorious "unity of the masses" during the Popular Front days, the whole idea has become unworkable after what has happened in Poland and Czechoslovakia. The Socialists—with no striking personality to put fire into them—are pursuing a "lesser evil" policy by more or less supporting Bidault. If there is a crisis in the Communist Party, it is not for the present a very serious one, and is, in any case, being hidden from the general public. No leading Communist has been openly purged, though it is admitted that there has been a lot of "self-criticism." It is still too early to say how the C. P. will fare in the next election. The greatest trouble the party has had is on the intellectual plane; but the Communists never fail to make capital of the fact that even if Cassou and Vercors (never officially Communists) have turned against them, Aragon, Joliot-Curie, and Picasso remain true.

To belong to the C. P. means to submit to an ideological and intellectual tyranny; but to change over to the right, to what *Esprit*, the left-wing Catholic monthly, calls "the *Reader's Digest*–Coca Cola ideology," is to submit to another tyranny. There is a middle way, but those who refuse to choose "between Russia and America" become—also in the words of *Esprit*—"*inutilisable*." Politically, there is no room for them. There is a place for them only on a purely intellectual level, and even there pressure is constantly brought to bear on them in order to make them choose. There is a certain tragic symbolism in the case of Claude Bourdet, one of France's best journalists and a man who in his writings exercised the great intellectual freedom so typical of France in the past. A week or two ago, Bourdet suddenly found his paper, *Combat*, taken away from him by the Tunisian gentleman who controlled it and who had now decided in favor of what *Esprit* would have called a Coca Cola *gleichschaltung*.

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Del Vayo—Germany: Cold War Victor?

WHEN the Foreign Ministers of the United States, Great Britain, and France meet next month, they will have a lengthy agenda to discuss: relations with Russia, China, and Germany. On the subject of Germany, the real nerve center of European politics, differences of opinion among the Western powers have widened in recent months. Not that they have received contradictory reports as to what is going on in the former realm of Hitler. The resurgence of Nazism is unanimously recognized by the three governments. It is now accepted as normal that close collaborators of Hitler are allowed to occupy high positions both in industry and government; that the cartels, outlawed by the American Military Government three years ago, are reappearing and are more powerful than ever; that publishers of former Nazi papers, unrepentant and unchanged, are receiving facilities for printing venomous, anti-Semitic periodicals. These men do not even make a pretense of reform. Quite the contrary.

All this is bad enough. But far worse is the fact that Chancellor Adenauer, in whom the Western powers thought they had found a docile and cooperative ally, has rejected the prudent Anglo-American advice to avoid frightening the French and is now openly pressing the question of German rearmament. Chancellor Adenauer is a complex individual, an interesting and powerful personality: "Half fox, half dictator," say those who know him well. No one can doubt his ability. Like Stresemann, he is one of those German leaders who understand how to win the confidence of foreign powers. Adenauer was educated in the traditions of the old German imperial society, and his administrative career goes back to the first World War, when he was elected Vice-Mayor of Cologne. He remained in the municipal service until Hitler came to power and forced him out. By a decree of the Kaiser, he also became a member of the *Herrenhaus*, and until the eve of the collapse of the Weimar Republic he was President of the Council of the Prussian state.

This background stands Adenauer in good stead today. His character combines the discipline of the Prussian with the suave good manners of the Rhenish bourgeois. Far younger in intelligence and capacity for work than most men of his age (he is in the seventies), he has diligently tried to sell the Allies, especially the Americans, the idea of a modern Germany, concerned above all with the general welfare of Europe and prepared to reestablish its institutions in a new exemplary democratic form. He has aroused the enthusiasm of certain Swiss journalists by elaborating on the theme of a Germany modeled on the Swiss concept of broad federalism, and he has even proposed a German-French merger which would put an end to the nightmare of a France invaded by German armies every generation or so. It was the issue of the Saar that exposed the unreconstructed nationalist under the conciliatory diplomat.

In the months since last September, when the West German government was set up, the attitude of the Germans in their dealings with the Allies has undergone a complete change. At first, they displayed a disarming humility. By December, after the Petersberg Protocol was signed, their tone took on a sharper ring, as though they now considered themselves on a footing of semi-equality with their conquerors. After that, official German arrogance grew rapidly, and when the Saar question came up for discussion, the Germans took the offensive. German unity, so hard to achieve by political and diplomatic means, became a reality the moment nationalist emotion took hold. Then the government of Grotewohl in the Eastern Zone seconded the claims of Adenauer, and Schumacher did not lag behind. All the politicians and political journalists—Communist, Socialist, Catholic, neo-Nazi, old Nazi—used the same language, reinforcing my belief that Germany may yet emerge as the sole victor in the cold war between Moscow and Washington.

In vain did Mr. McCloy, supported by General Robertson, counsel moderation during his talk with Dr. Adenauer at Bad-Homburg. In discussing the Saar, the German Chancellor could not maintain his usual sober and cool restraint. He shouted and was not to be calmed down. Soon afterward, encouraged by the Petersberg Protocol, which gave Western Germany greatly extended control over industrial production, Adenauer delivered the address on the Saar that produced so sharp a reaction in Paris. A few weeks later, he astonished the French by his contrary proposal for a political and economic merger between France and Germany, with one parliament and a common nationality. *Le Monde*, with its French love of clarity, remarked: "Mr. Adenauer demands that before the union of Germany with France and with Europe takes place, the Saar must be restored to Germany, forgetting that such a restitution would have no meaning if France and Germany were to become one."

Meanwhile, the Chancellor has very shrewdly introduced the problem of German rearmament, trying first to obtain from the Allies a promise to defend Germany; next, authorization for Germany to participate in its own defense. At this moment, three hundred generals, under the supreme direction of the two ranking survivors of Hitler's former army, Field Marshal Guderian and Chief of the General Staff Von Halder, are preparing a new strategic plan.

If the three Allied Foreign Ministers intend to deal seriously with the rising nationalist danger in Germany, they will have more than enough to talk about at their coming meeting. Even if the cold war could be prolonged for years without explosion, even if the "situations of strength" on which Secretary Acheson bases his whole foreign policy could be miraculously established in a Europe full of political turmoil and in an Asia inflamed by the Chinese example, there remains a Germany. In a couple of years, Germany will grow into a problem that neither the East nor the West will be able to handle.

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DANGEROUS THOUGHTS:
The Strange Rose Conspiracy

Washington

TESTIMONY that indicates disloyalty among some of the highest officials of America's wartime government was given last Friday by a mysterious witness before the House Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities. To date there has been no reference to the curious episode in the press or on the air. The reason is that an oath of absolute secrecy was extracted from all reporters and spectators at the hearing. At the conclusion of the confession, devastated members of the committee, fully backed by the White House, demanded the pledge as a "matter of national emergency." The fact is that in the confusion which followed his statements, the witness apparently vanished into thin air. "The whole structure of government remains in peril until he is again in custody," said Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (R., Wisc.).

For everything, of course, hangs upon the credibility of the witness. He was introduced simply as "Mr. Rose," and the committee has thus far refused to identify him further. Throughout the hearing he wore dark glasses and never removed a heavy black cape with a turned-up collar. As he was, moreover, heavily bearded, the combined effect obscured most of his face. A certain government investigating agency is known to have produced the witness.

The record speaks for itself. I quote directly from notes covering the interrogation led by Congressman John S. Wood, chairman of the committee:

Wood: Now Mr. Rose, you were employed by the federal government in a responsible position where you had access to military and political information of a profoundly confidential nature, were you not?

Rose: That is correct.

Q. You worked in this capacity for some years—from 1933 until 1945, when you were separated from the service, to be exact?

A. That is correct.

Q. During that period, did you ever have any contacts with Russian Communists? And, in fact, did you secretly visit some of these Communists during the war?

A. That is correct. (Gasps from the audience.)

Q. I'm glad your memory is good; we have the evidence. Tell us, for example, what you were doing between November 28 and December 1, 1943?

A. I was in the company of our allies.

Congressman Wood: Now don't try to be funny. The fact is, you were secretly meeting with Russian Communists between those dates, on foreign soil! What's more, you promised to help strengthen the Communist state, did you not?

A. Well, yes and no, you see . . .

Congressman Nixon: No equivocating! Isn't it a fact that you also gave these Communists some documents containing information vital to our national existence?

Rose: In a sense, I suppose you are right but . . .

Wood: Now we're getting somewhere!

Rose: Where are we? I haven't named the country yet.

Wood: Never mind, we'll get to that. Now, tell me where you were from February 4 to February 11, 1945?

Rose: (Scratches his head. Turns to moth-ball admiral nearby)—Bill, can you help me out on that one? (Admiral whispers answer.) Oh, yes, February 1945. Again I was—er—I was in the company of our allies.

Wood: Are you going to be concrete or in contempt? Isn't it true that you were in Russia at that time secretly meeting more Russian Communists?

Rose: That's true but . . .

Wood: Quit butting in! Just answer me. At that time did you not reveal to these Communists our most secret military plans in Europe?

Rose: Of course I did. On the other hand . . .

Wood: We're not interested in the other hand. The evidence is that you disclosed to them our exact strength and where our forces were deployed. You also promised to use your influence to move our troops to help them. You even talked to them about the Manhattan Project! Right?

(A hush fell over the audience during a slight pause while the witness pulled his collar higher and muttered something that sounded like "b-rr!")

Rose: Now, my friends . . .

Congressman Nixon: Stop trying to involve us by association!

Wood: You're getting awfully close to contempt. Answer the question!

Rose: Well, it's true that I gave the Communists some confidential information.

Wood: And at that time you were under oath loyally to serve the American people and abide by the Constitution?

Witness: That is correct.

Wood: Now, you also told these reds about our secret plans for Japan? You promised to get them some special rights in Manchuria?

Witness: My friends—pardon me, gentlemen—that's true enough but . . .

Wood: Witness will *not* make speeches. Now tell us whether any members of the Cabinet were involved in your plot? What about chiefs of staff?

Rose: Cabinet members? Let's see, at that time I told Henry . . .

Nixon: We know all about Wallace. What about Stimson?

Rose: As a matter of fact not only Stimson but every man in the Cabinet was subject to my influence. Even the chiefs of staff. I had them all in the hollow of my hand; they were all in it with me . . .

At this point the interrogator lost his tongue, the room filled with voices, and members of the committee rose to their feet shouting, "Out, traitor! Arrest him!" All except Congressman Rankin who cried, "Lynch him! Lynch them all!"

I was watching Rose when he threw back his head in a devil-may-care gesture and his blue eyes twinkled at Bill. The admiral beckoned to a couple of sailors who marched in with a bosun's chair into which they placed the witness with great tenderness and carried him out a side door.

"My God!" I heard someone scream behind me, "He must be that fellow Hitler kept calling Rosenfeld!"

THE OBSERVER

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Truman in Missouri

BY ERNEST KIRSCHTEN

St. Louis, March 24

THE chance to retire Republican Senator Forrest C. Donnell to his St. Louis law office, where he may without danger chase his commas and split his hairs, may well be lost—and all because of Harry Truman. The President has made Senator Donnell's defeat his personal business. And in so doing, he has set the stage for another political fiasco like the one which resulted four years ago from his intervention in the fight against former Representative Roger Slaughter.

Mr. Truman has decided that the Democratic candidate against Senator Donnell in November shall be Emery W. Allison, president pro tem of the Missouri State Senate. Even though Senator Allison probably would be a rubber stamp for the Administration, his eighteen-year record in the state legislature makes him utterly unacceptable to liberal and progressive elements. Moreover, a good many practical politicians are anything but eager to have Allison's name on either the primary or the general-election ballot. Several of them say that the President promised he would take no hand in the contest. Now they talk of a double-cross. Former Representative Tom Hennings and Franklin E. Reagan, both of St. Louis, have filed for the Democratic senatorial nomination, and so far they have refused to withdraw. So Mr. Truman is not likely to have his way without something of a fight.

The President reached his decision in a closed conference with Missouri's Governor Forrest Smith during the Christmas holidays. Mr. Truman made his public announcement shortly thereafter, but the Governor has not yet spoken out and the President is said to be rather annoyed by this silence. The reason for it, however, is that the Governor is trying to win a strongly opposed gasoline-tax increase in a referendum this month and dares not offend a single voter. He is expected to work vigorously in Allison's behalf immediately after the referendum. Meanwhile, his chief political lieutenant, John H. Hendren, chairman of the Democratic state committee, is hard at work lining up support for Allison.

Beyond the fact that Senator Allison is a firm believer in strict party regularity, an attitude highly regarded by Mr. Truman, it is hard to say why the President decided that this man is strong enough to defeat so formidable a campaigner as Senator Donnell. Allison is not widely known in Missouri. He started as a school teacher in a rugged section of the Ozark hill country, then settled down as a lawyer in Rolla, a small city about sixty-five miles from Jefferson City, the state capital. In all his years in the legislature, he has not given his name to a single major bill. He is a speaker of the Jim Reed school, with a flair for rather fulsome invective, but he has not been one of the legislature's great debaters. He is, instead, a smart parliamentary tactician. He knows how to bottle up a bill in committee, how to choke off a vote by a motion to adjourn.

Senator Allison has effectively used this ability to keep Negroes out of the University of Missouri, on behalf of exorbitant small-loan rates, in schemes to put state-road funds in the hands of country politicians instead of the non-political Highway Commission, and in an effort to scrap Missouri's model non-partisan court plan. These are just a few of the positions by which his record may be tested. Naturally, they are state issues, but a brief examination of one or two of them does throw some light on his notions of political morality.

Missouri's new constitution, written in 1945, gave the legislature a chance to end segregation in the schools. The House made a fine start in the last session by voting, 100 to 8, to open the state university and the seven state colleges to Negroes. But the Senate's Committee on Education, appointed by Senator Allison and of which he is a member, sat on this bill for seven months. Under great pressure, the committee finally brought out a substitute which would admit Negroes only to courses not offered by Lincoln University, the state's school for Negroes. Senator Allison helped to block adoption even of this bill.

The new constitution also brought an opportunity for a reasonable small-loan law. It did so by providing that the legal interest rates would have to apply to all lenders, not merely the instalment loan companies. Meanwhile, it set a top rate of 8 per cent. Ever since, the personal-finance lobby has been working hard for a high-rate law. Former Governor Phil M. Donnelly twice vetoed bills permitting rates of 26 and 27 per cent.

Senator Allison has been a staunch high-rate man. In 1943 the House passed a 16 per cent interest bill. As chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, Senator Allison promptly put this in cold storage. When Phil Donnelly, then a state senator, sought to have the measure discharged from the committee, Allison denounced him and thundered against "a brazen band of bank barons with bulging bank rolls." Great stuff, except the bankers

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were willing to lend at 16 to 18 per cent the money for which the small-loan people were charging 36 per cent. In the 1949 session, Senator Allison again was instrumental in blocking a House-passed 18 per cent bill, and he almost succeeded in putting over a high-rate bill.

PERHAPS even more damaging to Senator Allison's vote-getting prospects, if he is nominated, may be his part in the attempted governorship steal of 1941. As elsewhere, 1940 was a good year for Democrats in Missouri. They won all major offices except that of governor. This went to Forrest Donnell by about 3,600 votes. But a cabal of Democratic leaders decided that the party's heavy majority in the legislature could block Donnell's seating through extremely unscrupulous interpretation of an old law requiring announcement of the election results by a joint legislative committee. This had always been a formality, the committee accepting the results as certified by the Secretary of State. This time the committee, under the chairmanship of Senator Allison, announced all the Democratic winners but charged there had been fraud in the election of the governor and urged the appointment of an investigating committee.

No less than twelve motions were made in an effort to block the scheme; on each one Senator Allison voted to carry it into effect. Donnell was forced to appeal to the state Supreme Court for a writ of mandamus. A recount quickly disclosed that he had been elected by even more votes than the official canvass showed. Six weeks after the beginning of these proceedings, the seven justices of the state Supreme Court, all of them Democrats, held the scheme to be illegal and ordered the Speaker of the House to announce Donnell's election.

For a long time, the "big steal" attempt hung around Democratic necks like an albatross. The Republicans won Missouri's two seats in the Senate. They captured the legislature. Even popular Mayor Dickmann of St. Louis was defeated. Slowly, the Democrats have been moving along the way back. They are approaching one of their most important mile-stones in the campaign against Senator Donnell.

Whatever Missourians may think of his policies, they do respect Senator Donnell as a man of honor and integrity. He is an amazingly successful campaigner, a city man who gathers rural votes like a rolling snowball—often by making speeches in praise of his opponent. He will be unopposed for the Republican nomination.

To beat this man, the Democrats need the very best candidate they can find. Yet the President selected an Ozark politician with a record which can hardly commend him to the state at large. Does Mr. Truman believe that the Democrats again have a machine in Missouri which can roll as relentlessly as it did in the old Pendergast days?

Soviet Writing Today

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

AS ONE reads through the stacks of fiction, poetry, essays, and "reportages" written or, to be more precise, published in the Soviet Union in the last six months or so, one is struck by an even further simplification and standardization of thinking, themes, and style than previously noted. If I make a distinction between what has been written and what has been published, it is because I believe that many Russian writers, particularly of the older generation, still write—for their own satisfaction, and in the vague hope that times may change—a good number of novels and poems more subtle than anything one can publish today. What is produced for publication, deliberately designed to provoke no awkward questions from even the most hidebound party critic, wins almost automatic acceptance by book and magazine editors, but it possesses neither savor nor salt.

Today the only test for publication is whether "it's good for you." Typical of the official approach is the attack made in *Novy Mir* by a critic called Agapov on editors and publishers still guided by what he calls the good-business formula of "Write it well, and we'll print it." Agapov hauls over the coals another critic named Umansky who described one of the "great industrial reportages" of the year—later awarded a Stalin Prize—as "naive, primitive, and with all the characters having such over-simple labels stuck on them that the reader is bored to death." "You anti-patriot and cosmopolitan!" screamed comrade Agapov at the unfortunate Umansky.

Yet it is difficult to see how the most patriotic and anti-cosmopolitan Soviet reader can fail to be bored to death by some of the works given the place of honor in recent issues of Soviet literary magazines. The October issue of *Novy Mir*, for example, presented an almost full-length novel, "The First Week," by an unknown young writer called Pantiyelev. It concerned little more than an almost incomprehensibly technical dispute between a number of Stakhanovites on the merits of certain processes intended to increase the efficiency of their

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plant. The happy ending in which the best male Stakhanovite marries the best female Stakhanovite is scarcely enough to arouse enthusiasm for this totally unreadable story. But "The First Week" is perhaps an extreme case.

As one wades through new Soviet books, it does not take long to discover the prevailing patterns. First of all, optimism is one of the most essential features. The Soviet Union is a country that is perpetually lit up, either by the sun or, failing that, by the ruby stars of the Kremlin. The Russian winter is hardly ever mentioned. Only in the Soviet Union is life truly happy, with all energies devoted to the consolidation of peace and prosperity. Although the capitalist wolves continue to snarl around the Soviet Union, they are being pushed farther and farther away and all the "democratic peoples of the world" are gradually liberating themselves, looking to Moscow for guidance and salvation.

A large proportion of the new poetry is extremely simple, as though meant to be put to popular music for singing. In a recent issue of *Oktiabr* we find a selection of such "songs" by a dozen poets, most of them new. The anthology starts with a "Glory to Stalin" cantata:

> Greetings to you, beloved Comrade Stalin!
> You and Lenin have thrown open to us
> Boundless sunny expanses,
> And filled us with hope and joy. . . .
> Following in the footsteps of Lenin,
> And learning our lessons from your works,
> We have built a mighty power
> That makes us rejoice, and puts fear into
> our enemies' hearts.

N. Flerov's "Mighty, Independent China" chants:

> They know of their liberation,
> The hills and forests of China
> And the waves of the Yangtse river.
> They know how our army of many millions
> Went onward, routing and smashing the enemy.
> The Communists serve as an example to them all.
> Along the pure and radiant road of justice
> They were led by their party chief, Mao Tse-tung. . . .
> Onward and onward they marched,
> Regiments and battalions of Free China,
> And on the golden constellation of their banners
> The stars of the Kremlin were reflected. . . .

It is perhaps symptomatic that, consciously or unconsciously, these poetic heralds of the progress of world communism should do almost all their singing about Asia, China, Viet Nam, and the like. In all this new poetry, I have seen hardly a single reference to the "peoples' democracies" of Eastern Europe. A curious inhibition! Do the poets know in their hearts that in these nations communism is not something to make much of a song about?

On the other hand, they let themselves go when it comes to Russia. In "Thoughts on a Radio Set," Simeon Godzenko declares:

> I have all kinds of visions at night,
> When the ether is all ablaze,
> And a strange and insincere world
> Crackles its way into my room.
> From beyond the ocean
> I get a whiff of war,
> With all its infernal deceit.
> I switch on a Russian station. . . .
> We are peaceful and modest people;
> We are busy and hard at work,
> And our friends and neighbors
> Are welcome in our sunny house.

Any poetry more sophisticated than this is to be found only in the works of foreign Communists like Pablo Neruda of Chile, excellently translated into Russian by Ilya Ehrenburg.

How simple it must be to be a poet in the Soviet Union! A few stock phrases, a few trite images, and a few simple rhymes are enough. If communism is a religion, then its "poetry" need be no more polished or subtle than the run-of-the-mill hymn.

AND if poetry has become standardized, so has prose. That is not to say that there are not still some good writers in Russia. Valentin Katayev, who has in the past written some delightful satirical novels and children's books, recently published an extremely readable novel about the adventures of a small partisan unit in the famous catacombs of Odessa during the German occupation. It received a fairly good press, but Katayev was nevertheless criticized for levity and non-conformity: he had allowed some of his characters to talk in the picturesque jargon of Odessa, which no self-respecting citizens use these days. In fact, they do. But one has to pretend that everybody talks like a *Pravda* editorial.

Katayev's novel is one of the exceptions, and most of the present works, written by younger people, are much more primitive. Nearly all begin with the Soldier's Homecoming. And the rest of the story is concerned with Socialist reconstruction in the factory or collective farm, as the case may be. Occasionally, authors are allowed a little "escapism." Thus the recent Pushkin anniversary provided several of them with a chance to write about the early nineteenth century. The capable Konstantin Paustovsky wrote a very pleasant little play about Pushkin which, while characteristically entitled "Our Contemporary," demonstrated more convincingly Pushkin's love for Countess Vorontsov than for Comrade Stalin.

One need not dwell here on the "essays" about the outside world. Without exception they speak of the decay of the West, of the appalling economic sufferings

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of the American people, and so on. A learned discussion of American agriculture is based almost entirely on Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath," and its conclusion is that American farmers must choose between a "slow agony" or an organized rebellion against enslavement by "capitalist monopolies."

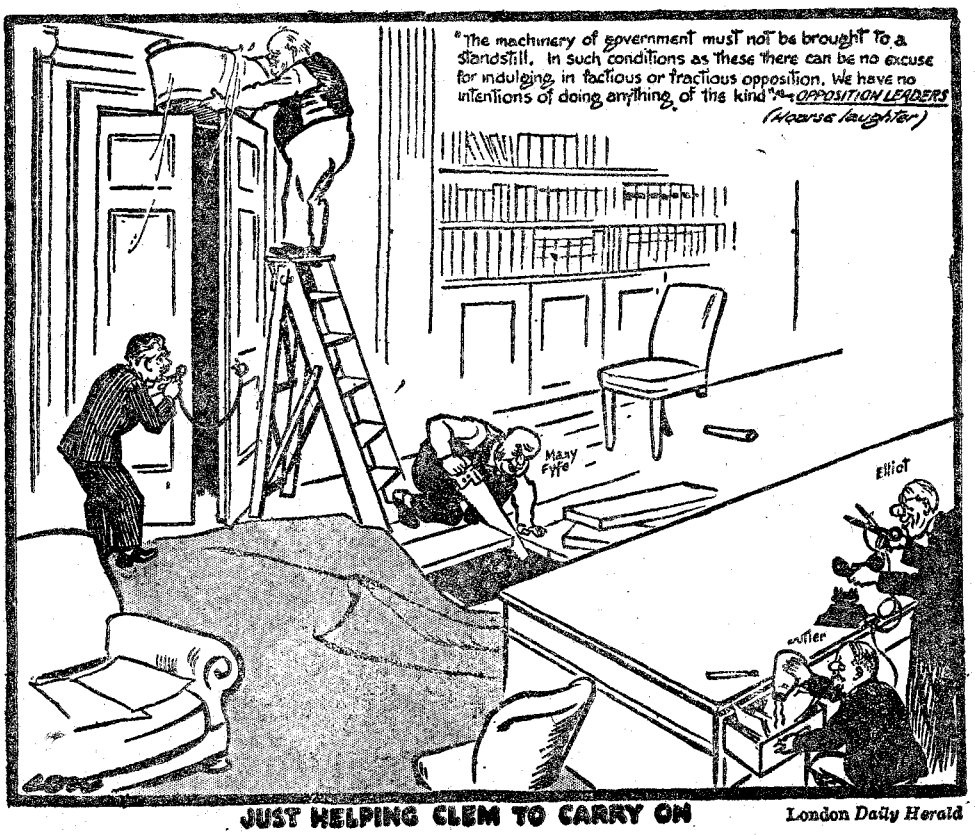
But in Russia "life is free of the fetters of egoism," and as a wonderful example of Russian "collectivist spirit" one writer tells of the village boy who caught a large fish and was persuaded by one of the local worthies to present it to the canteen. He concludes:

> Years will pass, and the boy will remember how, for the first time in his life, he felt the incomparable thrill of collective service to his fellow men and of the love with which they responded.

One may well wonder whether the boy's reactions were not of a somewhat different order.

Pre-Soviet Russian life and literature were full of comedy and laughter, humor and satire. Is Russia becoming hopelessly earnest and self-righteous? In everyday life, that is hardly the case. But books and the arts have become extraordinarily humorless, and the fact that there is "nothing amusing to read" any longer is beginning to worry the pundits of the Soviet Writers' Union. A solemn article on Soviet satire and humor by Boris Gorbatov appears in a recent issue of *Novy Mir*. First, he rejects as quite intolerable "laughter for laughter's sake." Second, he rejects with horror any idea of reviving the Zoschenko type of short story, with its "cheap and slanderous hee-hawing at Soviet reality." Zoschenko —until his pillorying—was actually the most popular Soviet humorist, and is, at his best, in the true Chekhov tradition. There were a number of other Soviet writers who could be extremely funny and were, indeed, very popular—among them the early Katayev and that miraculous pair, Ilf and Petrov. But Gorbatov goes on to show what a terrible mistake it was to reprint recently Ilf and Petrov's "picaresque" novels of the twenties, "The Little Golden Calf" and "Diamonds to Sit On," which recounted the adventures of that amiable crook, Ostap Bender. "Why," Gorbatov exclaims, "some of our young people positively *admired* that dreadful anti-social character!"

Gorbatov then has to admit that there is a wave of defeatism among Soviet humorists. Many of them, he says, have now come to the conclusion that since the Soviet Union is living in an heroic age, there isn't really much room for satire or for humor. So after suggesting a few remaining subjects—such as a "more satirical treatment of toadying to the West, which undoubtedly still exists among some of our people"—and after suggesting that satirists might perhaps find some useful material if they visited the ordinary criminal courts, Gorbatov concludes that the best subjects for humorists and satirists are still the capitalists and war-mongers of the outside world. But the jokes about "war-mongers" ran dry long ago, and the real trouble is that a joke which must follow a party line just isn't funny. Satirical "feuilletons" about some local bit of mismanagement or corruption can, very occasionally, be mildly funny, but no Soviet satirist would dare to satirize any prominent Soviet institution or personage. It is not like Czarist days, when Saltykov-Shchedrin could, with impunity, make mincemeat of the whole Romanoff dynasty.


"The machinery of government must not be brought to a standstill. In such conditions as these there can be no excuse for indulging, in factious or factious opposition. We have no intentions of doing anything of the kind"
OPPOSITION LEADERS
(Hoarse laughter)
Mary Pyfe
Elliot
JUST HELPING CLEM TO CARRY ON
London Daily Herald

Where comedy and humor are concerned, there is a remarkable divorce in Russia between life and literature. Life is still full of irrational fun, and would even today provide a Russian *New Yorker* or *Punch* with a hundred jokes a week; but since this could serve no official purpose, they would never get into print.

And so the Soviet citizen today gets no laughs out of books and papers except for books at least twenty years old; he still makes jokes surreptitiously, however, like the one about the two men meeting in Gorki Street and one saying to the other: "Tell me, Dmitri, is this full communism, or will things gets still worse?"

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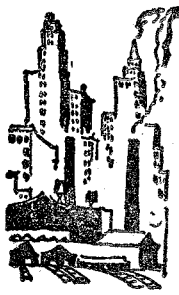

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Big Steel is Peeved

STUDYING the 1949 report of the United States Steel Corporation, I was reminded of a story about a chronic grumbler who succeeded in reaching heaven. After a time, he was accosted by a friend who asked, "Well, how do you like things here?" "Not bad, not bad," the old grouch answered, "but you know"—lifting his hands to his head—"this damned halo don't fit!"

Despite strikes and a mild mid-year slump in demand for its products, United States Steel enjoyed in 1949 one of the most profitable years in its generally profitable history. Only in three other years since its organization in 1902—1916, 1917, and 1929—was it able to record a larger net income; only in four did it pay out bigger sums to its common stockholders. Yet in Chairman Irving S. Olds's review of the year, I find little disposition to count corporate blessings. The tone of his statement is defensive—in places even a little peevish—and it appears designed to prove that Big Steel's stockholders, far from being over-compensated, are in fact receiving unduly small rewards. Thus the report points out that while net income in 1949 represented a return of 7.2 per cent on sales against 5.2 per cent in 1948, this ratio compares very unfavorably with an average of 11 per cent in those pre-war years when the rate of operations approximated the 1949 level.

To me, the interesting thing about Big Steel's accounts for the past year is the corporation's ability to expand its profit margin under apparently adverse circumstances. With an average production rate in 1949 of only 82.5 per cent of capacity, compared to 93.8 per cent in 1948, it succeeded in raising net income from $129,600,000 to $165,900,000. This proved possible because a $3.30 increase in gross costs per ton of finished products—of which $1.01 was attributable to higher employment costs—was more than offset by an increase of $6 in proceeds per ton. As a result, net profit per ton advanced from $6 in 1948 to $8.70 in 1949.

It is clear from these figures that the average price increase of $9.34 per ton, or 11¼ per cent, announced by United States Steel on July 21, 1948—an increase credited at the time to expanded labor and other costs—was considerably greater than justified. Nevertheless, prices were upped again an average of $3.82 per ton on December 15, shortly after the steel strike was settled. The corporation claims this move was necessitated by its forced assumption of new pension and social-insurance charges estimated at $3.88 per ton, or a few pennies more than the price increases. This estimate appears to be based on sales of finished products of a little more than 17,000,000 tons, the equivalent of an operating ratio of about 77 per cent of capacity. Today the United States Steel Corporation is producing at nearly 100 per cent of capacity and it seems likely to maintain something like this rate for many months to come, since the demand for steel at present exceeds output. Consequently, it will not be at all surprising to find, when the next report appears twelve months hence, that the costs of the United Steel Workers' pension "package" have in fact been overestimated.

IF THAT forecast proves correct and the corporation manages to lift earnings this year above the bumper 1949 total, I do not anticipate the directors will acknowledge that they have raised prices to a greater extent than the circumstances justified. For they have made abundantly clear their belief that profits are much too small, and they keenly resent any suggestion to the contrary. "In my opinion," Benjamin F. Fairless, the corporation's president, told the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report on January 24, "United States Steel has not made a fair return either on its sales or its investment at any time during the last twenty years. It has paid constantly increasing wages to its employees and supplied constantly improved products to its customers. But its stockholders, whose savings provide the facilities with which wages can be earned and goods can be produced, have received very inadequate returns on their investments."

What is the basis for this claim? That was supplied to the committee by Enders M. Voorhees, chairman of Big Steel's Finance Committee, who argued that if prices had not been raised to offset pension costs, the corporation would have been faced with two equally undesirable alternatives: (1) Curtailment of expenditures for replacement and modernization of plant; (2) reduction of dividends —a move which "would constitute a devastating blow to investor confidence."

Mr. Voorhees went on to assert that "a manufacturer should be able to recover out of his sales dollar, through depreciation and through income remaining for reinvestment after equitable dividends, amounts sufficient to replace and keep modern his plant and equipment. . . . It is only for expanded capacity that there is justification for borrowing or new capital." Moreover, "to finance increased capacity, a durable goods manufacturer should, if possible, use equity securities"—a method only feasible when capital already employed is earning a fair return.

I have no quarrel with these principles of corporate finance, but it seems to me that in appealing to them as a defense of his corporation's price and profit policies, Mr. Voorhees proves altogether too much. For in practice United States Steel has never been content to retain in the business merely enough of its earnings to replace and modernize its plant. On the contrary, it appears consistently and successfully to have aimed at financing expansion out of profits. In the course of its forty-eight-year career, during which it has enlarged its capacity from 11,000,000 to nearly 33,000,000 ingot tons, it has only once gone to its stockholders for new money. This was in 1929, when it secured $142,324,700 by the sale of 1,016,605 shares of common stock. We need only contrast this figure with a net total of $1,239,400,000 of profits reinvested in the business since 1902 to understand on what food Leviathan has grown so great and, presumably, hopes to grow still greater in years to come.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Calhoun Restored

JOHN C. CALHOUN: AMERICAN PORTRAIT. By Margaret L. Coit. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

OUR grandfathers could make very little of the intensities of John C. Calhoun. The generation which produced the American Statesmen series found its *beau ideal* of the American statesman in Webster or in Clay. For that generation Herman von Holst efficiently reduced Calhoun's consuming passion to an overriding personal ambition, his agonized inner debates to a boundless opportunism, his burning interior fires to a malignant fanaticism, his lofty political philosophy to a casuistical defense of a repellent system. And Calhoun's reputation hardly improved in the generation after, when he appeared as an incidental character in bloodless monographs by students indifferent to the issues he embodied, or, what was worse, when he was made the tribal hero of the cult of agrarianism.

A Calhoun revival is perhaps not inappropriate for an age like our own. His defense of slavery, of course, is inadmissable, but his broader philosophy has a new relevance. A time of perplexity creates a need for somber and tragic interpretations of man. Thus we find Burke more satisfying today than Paine, Hamilton or Adams than Jefferson, Calhoun than Webster or Clay. "It would be a hundred years before America would realize that 'power can only be opposed by power,'" writes Margaret Coit in her excellent new biography of Calhoun, "and that man, far from being inherently good, was as selfish as Calhoun believed him to be. Paradoxically, if Calhoun's premises were, at the time he uttered them, fifty years in the past, his doctrine was a hundred years to the future." And by his "doctrine" Miss Coit means, not his apologia for slavery, but his penetrating insight into the fact that freedom derives from diversity, not from unity, and his brilliant and elaborate attempt to construct a society in which minorities would somehow be accorded, not alone the right, but the *power* of self-protection.

Miss Coit's book provides far and away the most detailed, vivid, and convincing personal characterization of Calhoun we have. Her sympathies are quick and piercing; her perceptions of the intellectual and of the political issues are precise; her documentation is formidable; and she writes with a sharply focussed pictorial style that at times becomes almost over-rich in its lyrical evocations. She greatly admires Calhoun, but not to the point of foolish adoration of his personality or of rapt acceptance of his every opinion; and she has achieved a fascinating reconstruction of his life and time.

Miss Coit's biography inevitably challenges comparison with the massive life of Calhoun which Charles M. Wiltse has under way, two volumes of which have already appeared. Professor Wiltse is a professional historian; and the contrast with Miss Coit illustrates both certain advantages and limitations in the professional training. Devoting three volumes where Miss Coit devotes one, Professor Wiltse is more ample and satisfactory in his discussion of Calhoun's public career. He has more room for the historical background, and he has carried on far more extensive research in the Congressional debates and in the daily press. But his training imposes either a restraint on his own private judgments or a lack of interest in the motivations of his characters. Neither Calhoun nor his wife nor any of the great figures of the day really come to life for Professor Wiltse.

Miss Coit, on the other hand, permits herself the layman's latitude on narrow questions of historical authenticity. She tends to use anecdotes when they illuminate the event rather than to reject them because they cannot be fully verified. Lacking the scholar's inhibitions, she is ready on occasion to call upon a generally persuasive historical imagination in order to extrapolate from the actual evidence; and at times she is even rash enough to guess what people were thinking at moments when no evidence at all survives.

On one point, however, Miss Coit's historical and artistic judgment is surely much sounder than Professor Wiltse's. It is for some reason the scholar and not the young lady who finds it hardest to admit that his hero was ever wrong. Professor Wiltse even accepts Calhoun's testy contemporary evaluations of his opponents; and the result is to create a picture of Calhoun as a lonely incarnation of wisdom and probity, set upon by such second-rate mediocrities as Jackson and Van Buren. This is bad history and bad drama. Miss Coit, instinctively recognizing that to diminish the men who defeated Calhoun is to diminish Calhoun himself, treats his opponents with a generosity which increases the stature of her own hero.

There are minor errors in Miss Coit's book. Judge Tapping Reeve, Calhoun's law professor, for example, is curiously transmuted into Tapping Reeves in the text and into Topping Reeves in the index; and Amos Kendall, a rather tall man, becomes "little Amos Kendall." But for all its occasional excesses and defects, "John C. Calhoun: American Portrait" is by far the best single-volume life of Calhoun. More than that, it signals the appearance of a promising new talent in the field of American historical portraiture.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

From the Head

THE WRONG SET. By Angus Wilson. William Morrow and Company. $3.

ANGUS WILSON'S first book may become fashionable among serious intellectuals and also among the determinedly chic. Of the stories in "The Wrong Set," three appeared first in the now most lamentably defunct *Horizon* and two in *Partisan Review*; while on the dust-jacket a writer for *Vogue* italicizes: "*People Are Talking About* . . . the stories of Angus Wilson . . ."

Although a consistent astringency

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limits the range of feeling in these stories—they issue from the head, not the heart, and the head has concluded that human beings are largely vulgar and hateful—Mr. Wilson frequently recreates what most writers are content to talk about, the social and moral disintegration which is his subject. The range of milieu is extensive: an English provincial university, a South African ranch, a night-club, a residential hotel, and so on. But all these places are inhabited almost exclusively by members of what was recently the English upper middle class, now the lumpen-bourgeoisie created by the Depression and World War II. Mr. Wilson is most successful when he looks at them from the outside; he orders his brilliant surfaces—clothes, physiology, manners, furniture—so skilfully that in an oblique fashion he manages to create characters who are unreal only when they start talking to themselves.

Nothing can ever be really settled in this world, for no one, save a few decayed gentlewomen—and these are usually mad and given to bouts of cruelty—believes in anything Mr. Wilson respects. A horrid New Year's party in a second-rate Kensington hotel leaves the unhappy guests exactly where it found them. A dedicated virgin whose Edwardian papa dies of tertiary syphilis feels neither pain nor relief when her burden is lifted. "In times like these," reflects a weary sophisticate as he takes out his luminal bottle, "there's nothing like a good old overdose to pull one through."

Action is inconclusive or destructive. The night-club entertainer in the title story, herself déclassée, alarmed that her nephew in the university is associating with "commies" and "conchies," can only send her sister in the provinces a smart telegram: "It sounded very Mayfair and she repeated it. 'Terribly worried. Norman in the Wrong Set. Vi.'" An earnest academic female drives the professor she adores into a nervous collapse when she points out to him the horror of his existence with his deranged and dipsomaniac wife.

I find no sign of "the deep compassion for humanity" mentioned on the jacket. The closest Mr. Wilson comes to that most necessary virtue in a writer of fiction is in the occasional portrayal of weaker vessels—such as the aforementioned old ladies, Chekhovian waifs, twentieth century Madame Ranevsky's, —except that he is concerned more with their disintegration than with their charm.

There is no moral center to this fiction. Mr. Wilson writes about the Wasteland of 1929-1950. The social structure into which his characters have been born is vanishing, and he has never a regretful backward glance for it. Loyalties, values, manners are all decaying, and there is nothing to take their place but the assertive raffishness of the clique and the set. And his prose is so stripped of the unessential, so closely on terms with the actualities he is anatomizing that, momentarily, the luminal bottle can seem a good idea, although it is likely that "The Wrong Set" will be admired chiefly for its incidental post-Waugh brightness.

ERNEST JONES

The Myth of the Garden

VIRGIN LAND: THE AMERICAN WEST AS A SYMBOL AND MYTH. By Henry Nash Smith. Harvard University Press. $4.50.

"VIRGIN LAND" is a very illuminating study in the history of ideas. Its principal theme is the rise and decline of the conception of the West as an agrarian utopia—the myth of the "garden of the world"—that implanted itself so deeply in the imagination of nineteenth-century America. Professor Smith brings to his study an unusual adeptness in the integration of material from different fields, and, what is more important, an admirable feeling for shadings and distinctions, for the complexly organic relationship between empiric fact and what human emotion and imagination would make of it. His approach is along the vital line between the extremes of idealist and materialist interpretation—a line that is not a merely mechanical discounting of the extremes—and the result is a notable enrichment in our apprehension of the familiar attitudes and slogans to which the development of the West gave rise.

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communication lines of the rivers, saved the West for the Union in the Civil War. Whatever material difficulties the spread of railroads put in the way of Southern propaganda, Professor Smith shows that in any event—in spite of the economic arguments of De Bow and Calhoun's conversion to the idea of internal improvements—it was ideologically entirely unequipped to penetrate the West. The South's static myth of the plantation was valid only for home consumption; and the one Southern expansionist projection that deeply engaged the imagination—the dream of a Caribbean slave empire—pointed in an entirely different geographical direction.

The major versions of "manifest destiny," Professor Smith finds, took two forms. The first, elaborated by Benton, flowering to poetry in Walt Whitman, he calls the myth of the "passage to India." Based on an archaic mercantilism, it nevertheless gave to the idea of manifest destiny a certain intellectual breadth and grandeur it later lost. The rival and dominant conception he calls the myth of the "garden of the world," the vision of continental agrarian empire, rooted spiritually in an archaic primitivism and based materially on the independent ownership of family-sized farms. This central myth of the West reached its apogee of vitality in the Homestead Act, an attempt, as Professor Smith puts it, to establish the agrarian utopia by law.

The rest of the book traces as illuminatingly the break-up of the master conception under the stress of outer and inner contradictions—the attrition of industrial capitalism, the limits set to expansion by the aridity of the high plains, the failure of the myth itself to give meaning to the harsh or tragic aspects of human experience. Agrarian sentiment was still powerful enough after the Civil War to resist Powell's efforts to revise the Homestead Act on the basis of rational land-use and could enlist in its cause a scientist like Hayden, with his demonstrations that rainfall on the plains automatically increased with settlement. But at the same time, the character of the myth on which it based its assumptions became more and more static and narcissistic. If free land in the "garden of the world" was the guaranty of democracy, what of democracy when the limits of free land should be reached? This was the question that had been posed by foreign observers such as Lord Macaulay and had found voice on native grounds in the speeches of Ungar in Melville's "Clarel," among other instances. It was, finally, the theoretical specter that Turner could not exorcise from his attempt to rationalize the assumptions of frontier agrarianism and make of them the key to American history. This contradiction at the heart of Turner's theory was insoluble in terms of the agrarian ideal, and with Turner the life cycle of the myth of the garden reached its closing phase.

Professor Smith ends his book with this penetratingly developed analysis of Turner's frontier theory, but I have been able to touch only its major points. One of the early chapters, for instance, deals brilliantly with the figure of the Western hero in popular literature—the filiation between Leatherstocking and Deadwood Dick—and in the last part of his book, Professor Smith brings the growth of Western realism into equally cogent relationship with his main theme. These matters are handled with a very discriminating sense of the boundary line between literature as part of the history of ideas and literature as literature; through the whole range of "Virgin Land," in fact, one is conscious of a sort of tact and finesse in the use of an impressive mass of documentation that is rare enough in American scholarly writing. As for his approach, his book is a model in the application of the myth theory of analysis, a method which he never pushes to the point of fetishism and from which he is thus able to extract the maximum of returns. "Virgin Land" achieves a kind of clarification of its subject that makes it, one feels, a landmark in the interpretation of the West.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI'S "The Consul" (Barrymore Theater) is described on the program as a "musical drama." No doubt this somewhat unusual designation is intended in part to allay the fears of those to whom "opera" is anathema. Actually, however, the designation is also an accurate one, for the work is neither a "play with music" nor an opera in the usual meaning of the term. Its primary intention is to tell a story and the music is never either interpolated or granted an independent existence. Occasionally it works itself out as a dramatic aria; most of the time it merely adds the emotional color which the poetry or the verbal eloquence of a tragedy would supply. And, unusual or not, there is no doubt about the compelling theatrical effectiveness of the whole.

The scene is an iron-curtain country. The action takes place either in the reception room of a consulate (probably American) or a wretched flat occupied by the wife, the mother, and the dying baby of a fugitive member of the underground. Every day the wife calls at the consulate hoping to get the visa which would enable her to rejoin her husband. Every day she and the others who wait with her are asked by the receptionist to fill out more applications, supply more photographs, or get more documents. Once we see the shadow of the consul on the ground glass of his door. Except for that, neither we nor the wretched suppliants ever catch even a glimpse of him. They live in a nightmare atmosphere of faint hope deferred, and they are entangled in endless red tape which, whether by deliberate intent or not, reduces them finally to impotence and suicide.

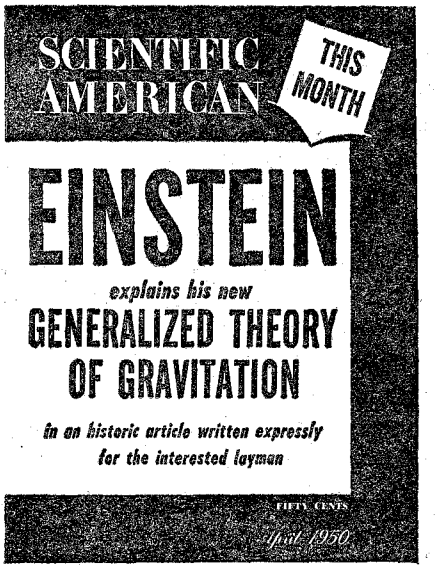
Obviously, this is not a pleasant story. Remotely, at least, it suggests the atmosphere of a Kafka novel, and it imposes upon the spectator almost intolerable distress. If all art must use some kind of delight as its method—even if not as its ultimate purpose—then perhaps this is not art. But that it holds the attention with painful persistence there is not the slightest doubt. The audience sits spellbound, and my guess is that the critical success already won will turn into a popular success also.

"Musical drama" though it is, the whole task of expressive communication is performed by the music, not by the words. The libretto, also by Mr. Menotti, is a good libretto; it affords ample opportunity for dramatic music; but—and this is perhaps true of any good libretto—it would be intolerably bare and flat if acted as a play. I assume that the music will be discussed at greater or less length in a neighboring column at some future date, and I am not competent to make other than tentative remarks. My impression, for whatever it may be worth, is that though most of it would stand alone hardly better than the text would, it serves its purpose even better than Mr. Menotti's score did in his earlier work, "The Medium." In both cases, the composer exhibits a striking gift for including grimly comic and macabre effects and he exhibits besides an astonishing fluency. Despite one or two arias—including one near the end of the second act which literally stopped the show on the evening when I heard it—the present score seems to me less easily melodic than that of "The Medium" but also more sure and more original, less suggestive than before of a somewhat less easily tuneful Puccini.

A feature of the theatrical season just ending has been the various experiments with musical versions of plays. Certainly none of the previous ones have managed to get as far from both conventional operetta and the mere "play with songs" as this one has. "The Consul" achieves a form which is genuinely a form in its own right. If we are to have a new kind of "musical drama," I suspect that it will be more like "The Consul" than like either "Regina" or "Lost in the Stars." The cast, which includes Marie Powers—remembered from "The Medium"—and Patricia Neway, is not only excellent but also seems perfectly at home in the somewhat unconventional form.

ON STAGE has mounted a very creditable production of Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House" at the Bleecker Street Playhouse. With the passing of the years, the core of poetry and wisdom in Shaw's plays becomes more impressive; the surface fireworks are as dazzling as ever.

M. M.



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Films

MANNY FARBER

THE most depressing movie irony is that American longhairs—raised on the non-literary naturalism of Tom Mix, Fairbanks, and movies like "Public Enemy," along with the revolutionary Griffith, Sennett, Keaton—continue to coddle and encourage European directors in their burnt-out sentimentality and aesthetic cowardice. Carol Reed's "The Third Man" (the short happy life of Orson Welles, who, having killed or crazed half of Vienna by black-marketing diluted penicillin, evades the police by playing dead) is one import in which the virtuosity is tied in with a spectacular control and verve. Its intricate, precocious use of space, perspective, types of acting (stylized, distorted, understated, emotionalized) and random, seemingly irrelevant subject matter, enlarges and deepens both the impression of a marred city and a sweet, amoral villain (Welles) who seems most like a nearly satiated baby at the breast. But it bears the usual foreign trademarks (pretentious camera, motorless design, self-conscious involvement with balloon hawker, prostitute, porter, belly dancer, tramp) over-elaborated to the point of being a monsterpiece. It uses such tiresome symbol-images as a door which swings with an irritating rhythm as though it had a will of its own; a tilted camera that leaves you feeling you have seen the film from a foetal position; fiendish composing in Vuillard's spotty style, so that the screen crawls with patterns, textures, hulking shapes, a figure becoming less important than the moving ladder of shadow passing over it.

"The Third Man's" murky, familiar mood springs chiefly from Graham Greene's script, which proves again that he is an uncinematic snob who has robbed the early Hitchcock of everything but his genius. Living off tension maneuvers which Hitchcock wore out, Greene crosses each event with one bothersome nonentity (a Crisco-hipped porter, schmoo-faced child) tossed in without insight, so that the script crawls with annoying bugs. While a moony, honest American (Joe Cotten) unearths facts of Welles's death, Greene is up to his old trick of showing a city's lonely strays blown about the terrain by vague, evil forces. Greene's famous low sociology always suggests a square's condescension and ignorance. He sets Cotten up for quaint laughs by characterizing him as a pulp-writer, having the educated snipe at him in unlikely fashion ("I never knew there were snake-charmers in Texas") and the uneducated drool over him; every allusion to Cotten's Westerns, from their titles to their format, proves that no one behind the movie ever read one. Greene's story, a string of odd-sized talky scenes with no flow within or between them, is like a wheelless freight train.

But Reed manages to turn the last half of this tired script into a moving experience of a three-dimensional world in which life is sad, running simply from habit, and ready to be swept away by street cleaners. In Reed's early films ("The Stars Look Down," "Three on a Weekend") sordid domesticity was scored in a pokey, warm, unbiased way; in the daylight scenes of "Third Man," his paterfamilias touch with actors is tied to a new depersonalizing use of space that leaves his characters rattling loose like solitary, dismal nuts and bolts in vaulting landscapes. A beautiful finale—Welles's girl Valli returning from his burial down a Hobbema avenue of stark trees—picks up the gray, forlorn dignity of a cold scene and doubles the effect by geometrically pinpointing the figure and moving her almost mechanically through space and finally into and around the camera. Reed has picked up a new toy-soldier treatment of conversations, where the juxtapositions and movements are articulated like watch-cogs, each figure isolated and contrastingly manipulated till the movie adds up to a fractured, nervous vista of alienation in which people move disparately, constantly circling, turning away, and going off into their own lost world. But the movie's almost antique, enervated tone comes from endless distance shots with poetically caught atmosphere and terrain, glimpses of languid, lachrymose people sweeping or combing their hair, and that limp Reed manner with actors, which makes you feel you could push a finger straight through a head, and a sweater or a hat has as much warmth and curiosity as the person wearing it.

Always a soft director, Reed turns to chickenfat on night scenes, where his love of metallically shining cobble stones, lamps that can hit a face at eighty paces, and the mysterious glow at every corner turns the city into a stage-set that even John Ford would have trouble out-glamorizing. For instance, endless shots of Cotten and Welles sliding baseball-fashion in rubbled wastelands that look like Mt. Everest touched up by an MGM art director. Both are seen only momentarily in these wastes because it is obvious no human could make the descent without supplies. Reed is seldom convinced that anything artistic is being said unless the scene looks like a hock-shop. Scenes are engulfed in teddy bears, old photographs, pills; a character isn't considered unless he is pin-pointed in a panorama of baroque masonry, seen

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bird fashion through bridge struts or rat fashion through table legs; like most current art movies Reed's are glued to majestic stairways.

The movie's verve comes from the abstract use of a jangling zither and from squirting Orson Welles into the plot piece-meal with a tricky, facetious eye-dropper. The charm, documentary skill, and playful cunning that fashioned this character make his Morse Code appearances almost as exciting visually as each new make-believe by Rembrandt in his self-portraits. The cunning is in those glimpses—somewhat too-small shoes, a distant figure who is a bit too hard and resilient, a balloon man, not Welles but flamboyant enough to suggest his glycerine theatricality in other films—that seem so Wellesian, tell so much about him, yet just miss being Welles. Through camera tricks and through a non-mobile part custom-built for this actor (whose flabby body and love of the over-polished effect make any flow in his performance seem a product of the bloodiest rehearsing), Welles achieves in brief, wonderful moments, the illusion of being somebody besides Welles. Two of these—some face-making in a doorway, a slick speech about the Borgias that ends with a flossy exit—rate with entertaining bits like Paul Kelly's in "Crossfire" and the time Bob Hope tried to hide behind a man taking a shower in a glass cubicle. Reed's nervous, hesitant film is actually held together by the wires of its exhilarating zither, which sounds like a trio and hits one's consciousness like a cloudburst of sewing needles. Raining aggressive notes around the characters, it chastises them for being so inactive and fragmentary, and gives the story the unity and movement it lacks.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

BACH'S Motet No. 3, "Jesu, meine Freude," one of his greatest works, is sung (in English) very beautifully by Robert Shaw's RCA Victor Chorale; but the surface defects of the 78 rpm records I have listened to (DM-1339, 4 10″) cause the sound to appear distorted. My ear cannot detect in the performance the orchestra which is mentioned on the labels, and which Tovey argues convincingly should be supporting the chorus. The English text is supplied.

Haydn's "The Creation"—with passages that are amazing in their boldness and power, others that are wonderfully beautiful, and others that charm one by their innocence and sweetness—has been issued to subscribers by the Haydn Society on three LP records (HSLP-2005). The performers are the excellent chorus and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, Trude Eipperle, soprano (a beautiful voice with strong tremolo), Friedl Riegler, soprano (another good voice with tremolo), Julius Patzak, tenor (no longer a beautiful voice), Georg Hann, bass (very good), Alois Pernersdorfer, bass (good), and Clemens Krauss, whose authoritative conducting produces with them a well-shaped, finished, and effective performance. The recorded sound loses volume and brightness near the ends of sides and is blurred by excessive reverberation (side 2 is the worst). Both the German text used in the performance and an English translation are provided, together with comments on the music that can be ignored.

Another superb work of Haydn, the "Lord Nelson" Mass, has been issued by the Haydn Society on one LP record (HSLP-2004). The performers this time are the less impressive Vienna Symphony, the Vienna Akademie Chorus (good), Lisa della Casa, soprano (a voice without sensuous beauty, but used with musical effectiveness), Elisabeth Höngen, contralto (good), Horst Taubmann, tenor (in ensembles only), and George London, bass (magnificent); and if one may judge by the characterless playing and singing of the orchestra and chorus, then the style in the singing of the soloists is not to be attributed to the conducting of Jonathan Sternberg.

Ernest Bloch's Sacred Service, an adaptation of his idiom to the purposes of texts of the Reformed Jewish services, and a work I don't care for, is well performed on a London LP record (LLP-123) by Marko Rothmüller, bass-baritone, Dorothy Bond, soprano, Doris Cowan, contralto, and the London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra under Bloch's direction.

After this emotional and tonal luxuriance the astringency and fastidiousness of Stravinsky's Mass is a relief; but listening to it again, as it is recorded for RCA Victor (DM-1349, 3 12″) by chorus and winds under Stravinsky's direction, I still find most of it arid. The exceptions are the Hosanna, which is the only section with any relation, for my ears, to the meaning of the words; and some passages of effectively austere sonorities in the Credo and Agnus Dei. Much more engaging are the beautifully wrought Pater Noster and Ave Maria on the sixth side.

On one side of an Allegro record (AL-17) are a number of good pieces by Lassus, Mouton, Janequin, Des Pres, and Couperin; on the other Debussy's Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orleans, of which I like the first two, and two songs by Ravel. They are well sung by the Pro Musica Choral Society under Crane Calder's direction. Surfaces have some noisy defects.

At this point I would like readers to tell me which recordings—that is, of which companies and speeds—they want reviewed in this column.

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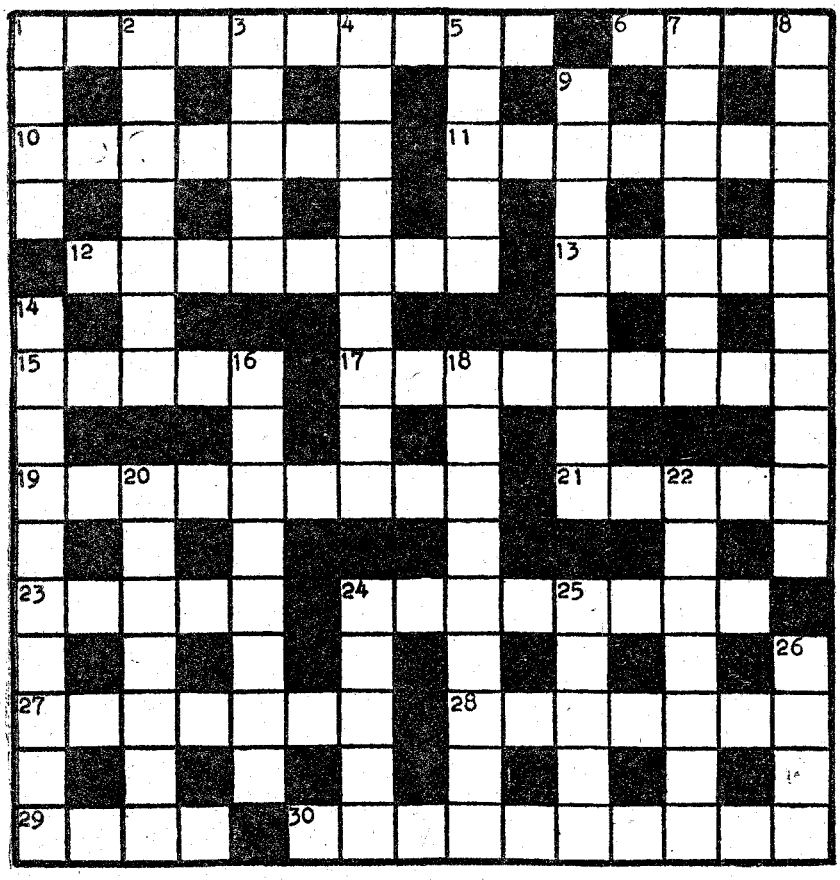
Crossword Puzzle No. 356

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Jurist the Civil Rights bill should disbar. (5, 5)
6 State of Zion. (4)
10 The mule fired on first? (7)
11 See 1 down.
12 We think he sometimes values things too highly. (8)
13 Result of a motorist losing height. (5)
15 The depth of African territory? (5)
17 Pass things from tongue to tongue. (9)
19 Cherubs at the capital are reformed. (9)
21 I believe it's in the lucre, don't you? (5)
23 The rule of premature ignition. (5)
24 Flatterer who wouldn't have approved a hair-splitting distinction. (8)
27 Seizes on the bone of birds. (7)
28 Famous wrestler of Florida? (7)
29 Count over him? Quite the contrary. (4)
30 Curves, or helps by a transformation of them. (10)

DOWN

1 and 11. Gobi and the Sahara are! (4, 7)
2 Ring-Jack. (7)
3 and 26. Ensure, not indicative of a change between us. (5, 4)
4 and 7. Originally from an English County of Kerry, their sire is now shown here. (9, 7)
5 The righteous shall grow like this in Lebanon. (5)
7 See 4.
8 When you get at this one, I stop. (10)
9 Reconstructed crime, so I find it's composed of the same elements. (8)
14 Figaro, if Chopin had put him in his place. (6, 4)
16 Early Americans seen in the ascendant with a superior playwright. (8)
18 Ugh! Indian lug 'em wood! Good medicine! (5, 4)
20 The Yankee version of Figaro? (7)
22 Descriptive of Tennyson's brook. (7)
24 Probably gray rather than brown study. (5)
25 Garbled cable sent to Canaan. (5)
26 See 3.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 355

ACROSS:—1 FRENCH DRESSING; 9 and 21 LETTERS OF CREDIT; 10 TORNADO; 11 OCULAR; 12 EMIGRANT; 14 ELISION; 15 PLAID; 17 NADIR; 19 NATIONS; 23 SEANCE; 25 TRIVIAL; 26 RATIONS; 27 DEPUTY SHERIFFS.

DOWN:—1 FELLOWMEN; 2 EXTRUDE; 3 CHEVALIER; 4 DASH; 5 ESTAMINETS; 6 SHRUG; 7 NIAGARA; 13 BIENNIALLY; 15 PROTECTOR; 16 DIGRESSES; 18 DECLINE; 20 SEND-OFF; 21 OATH; 22 and 8 ELIHU ROOT; 24 ARCH.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

Letters to the Editors

A Bare Little Bone?

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of March 11, Mr. Barr King resumes his frantic and inexplicable efforts to convince himself that the Council of Economic Advisers in general and I in particular question the expansion of social security. . . .

Mr. King asserts that I have been making a "studied effort to carry water on both shoulders" because "Business and Government" (the December, 1949, report of the council) states on page 21 that "the support of people who are too old to work or who are unemployed or ill does not create wealth" and then states on page 23 that "our nation can afford a considerably expanded social-security program."

There is absolutely no conflict between these two quotations. The discussion of social security in "Business and Government" says:

> The support of people who are too old to work or who are unemployed or ill does not create wealth. It is not like the production of goods and services. . . . Sometimes it is said that . . . it is economically desirable because it creates purchasing power and thus provides demand for the products of industry. But no *additional* purchasing power is created if this income is simultaneously taken in equal amount from those who are still employed. . . . The age at which workers retire or the size of the benefits they receive should not be determined by the fallacious idea that this is a good way to create more purchasing power by adding the purchasing power of those who are not working to the purchasing power of those who are working. We should start with the assumption that our economy will be most productive by providing useful jobs for as many people as are able and willing to work. In that event, the national policy with respect to the general age of retirement would be based not upon an artificial method of leaving more job opportunities for others, but rather upon a decision that the functioning economy can afford to support people who have reached a certain age without requiring that they work further.
>
> [The justification for] social-security programs rests upon two grounds. First, that the cost of [care] always falls upon the economy; and that bearing this cost in a systematic way is more efficient than bearing it through charity or improvisation. Second, that as an enlightened nation we are willing and even eager to divert a portion of our annual output

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LIBERAL WOMAN living in the west would like to correspond with interested and uninvolved man. Box 171, c/o The Nation.

. . . in order to make life more livable for those who are unable to produce through no fault of their own. . . .

The real test of whether the nation can afford a [social-security] program [thirty years hence] is not [the cost] per month measured against the *current* size of the economy but [the cost] per month measured against the productivity of the economy *thirty years from now.* Social-security expansion now, insofar as it applies to persons who will not retire for many years, should make considerable allowance for an assumption of continuing secular economic growth. . . . It seems clear to us that the application of sound analysis reveals that our nation can afford a considerably expanded social-security program without impairing our economic stability or weakening our growth potential. . . .

Mr. King also objects to my citation of the council's Annual Economic Review of January 6, 1950, which explicitly advocates an enlarged social-security program, on the ground that he did not read that review until *after* he had written his initial criticism of my social-security views (although that criticism did not appear until January 14). But since that criticism sank to the base depths of insinuating that I had abandoned my long-standing espousal of social security for reasons of self-interest, does Mr. King expect anyone to believe that I hastily re-espoused social security on January 6 merely to answer his silly innuendo, which I could not possibly have read until after January 14?

As a matter of fact, I have been working for social security or its expansion since 1933. I have taken this position in every speech, article, or report touching upon the subject which bears my name or with which I have been connected. Nowhere have I ever said anything to the contrary. What, then, but thickness of mind or slickness of intent can explain the persistent gnawing away at his bare little bone by Barr King? His other criticisms are no more rational, although shortage of space forbids treatment.

LEON H. KEYSERLING,
Acting Chairman, President's Council of Economic Advisers

Washington, March 15

Dear Sirs: Mr. Keyserling's highly personalized letter as well as his newly initiated vendetta with the president of the American Economic Association in the current *American Economic Review* suggest the futility of prolonging a discussion with an angry man of such great stamina. It does seem that Mr. Keyserling is overly thin-skinned for one who deliberately took the Council of Economic Advisers out of the realm of economic analysis and into the active political arena.

BARR KING

Hyattsville, Md., March 23

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